The Acton Free Press.

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M., SUCCESSOR TO J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m.; and 7 to 9 p.m.

DR. C. I. KELLY,
HON. GRADUATE McGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL.
LICENTIATE SOCIETY OF APOTHECARIES, LONDON, ENGLAND.
Office and Residence—Frederick St., Acton.
Office Hours—8 to 10; 1 to 2, and 7 to 8.

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets.
GUELPH.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 5 p.m.
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S. DENTIST
ACTON.
Office over Brown's Drug Store.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
VISITING DAYS.—Tuesday, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood.
The latest anæsthetic used if desired.

LEGAL.

A. J. MACKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Mill Street; in Matthews' Block, Upstairs.

J. MCLEOD,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND COMMISSIONER FOR TAKING AFFIDAVITS.
Main Street, Georgetown.
Conveyancing done, and money loaned on first mortgage on farm property at 4½%.

R. J. MCNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc.
OFFICE—Perryman's Block,
ACTON ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S.
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.
Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Over Worden's Barber Shop, next door to Feed Store, Mill Street, Acton.

INSURANCE AGENT,
W. H. DENNY,
General Agent Confederation Life Association.
Agent Union Fire Insurance Companies.
Office Young St., Acton.

HENRY GRIST,
OTTAWA, CANADA.
Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams' Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order periodicals of every description carefully bound, rulings neatly and promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. P. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

WM HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $135,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 283, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDRET, Proprietor
ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired and painted in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

LEE SHUN
CHINESE LAUNDRY.
In Mrs. Secord's, Block, Acton.
Laundry collected and returned. Family Washing at reasonable rates. All work done by hand. No machines or chemicals used.
LEE SHUN, Proprietor.

IT'S
Funny
AND
Profitable
To the wide awake paper hanger to get one-fifth of the money from the dealer for his influence and direction to customers where to buy. It's not at all funny to the man who pays the dealer $5.00 for paper, and the dealer returns the paperhanger $1.00 out of the five. It's fun for the paper hanger and the dealer. How about the victim? No discount given to paper hangers. Goods marked in plain figures and at very low prices.
AT
Day's Bookstore,
Guelph.
Day sells cheap.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA
Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,600,000
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
Interest at most favorable current rates allowed on Savings Bank accounts and Deposit Receipts.
Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
Special attention given to Farmers' Business.
MONEY ORDERS.
FOR ANY SUM UP TO $50.
Payable at any banking point in Canada outside of the Yukon Territory, may now be procured at the Bank Counter without any delay.
ACTON BRANCH
J. H. WALLACE, Manager.

ANY PICTURES TO FRAME?
Any Pictures to Frame?
GO ON SEND TO
WATERS BROS.
Wyndham Street
GUELPH

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10 a.m. and 6.10 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR.

ACTON
Saw & Planing Mills
MAIN ST.
Manufacturers and Dealers In All Kinds of
DRESSED AND UNDRESSED LUMBER, LATH AND SHINGLES. SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS. WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES. ALL KINDS OF INDOOR AND OUT-DOOR FINISH.
Having a well assorted stock of lumber on hand orders will in all cases be promptly filled.
Lumber dressed and matched while you wait.
Prices are as low as any other mill turning out work equal in quality.
Custom logs cut at any time.
JNO. EVANS, Manager. JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.
All kinds of wood on hand and promptly delivered to any part of the town.

A NEW SPRING SUIT
VERY CHEAP.
Mill & Main Sts. W. J. LEE, Merchant Tailor. ACTON.
I have been fortunate in securing a mill lot of new Canadian Tweeds of latest patterns at a very low price and am in a position to make up new spring suitings at from
$10 to $14.
Serges from $11 to $13.
A nice assortment of Scotch Tweeds at $16 to $20.
Fine Fancy Worsteds at from $16 to $22.
Pantings from $3 to $7.
Best workmanship and trimming always used. Your orders are kindly solicited.
W. J. LEE
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tailor.
N. B. Orders for Ladies' Tailoring and Dress Making filled at shortest notice. An experienced ladies' tailor and dressmaker from Toronto employed.

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Capital paid up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.
Guelph Branch
(NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE)
Savings Bank Department
HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTEREST paid on sums deposited of $1 and upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal and paid or compounded half yearly.
Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names at the lowest current rates.
No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph.
A general banking business transacted.
A. E. H. JONES, Manager.

FISHING TIME
commences
May 1st.
Now is the time to get all necessaries in their places.
Our Fishing Tackle Stock, the best in years.
"Our Prices are Always Right."
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE
GUELPH

POTATOES WANTED...
GUELPH or ROCKWOOD
IN TRADE
For Timothy, Clover, Seed Grain, Flour, Feed Corn bbl Salt, land Salt, Etc., Etc.
GEO. J. THORP,
SEEDS, GRAIN, IMPLEMENTS, ETC.
GUELPH & ROCKWOOD.

Procrastinate!
No! Don't do That
But come to-day to the
Acton Pump Works
and get your Pump repaired or buy a new one. We can do it. Watering Troughs, Cisterns and a general jobbing business done. Satisfaction guaranteed.
CHARLES EBBAGE
Main St., Acton.

FOR EVERYBODY
The long and short of successful advertising nowadays are the willingness and ability of the merchant to sell some things for less than his competitors, and all things as cheap as can be bought elsewhere. That is our position exactly and it applies especially to the large range of goods now in stock, such as
Fancy Chairs, Rockers, Parlor Tables, Framed Pictures, Chenille Curtains, Hat Racks, Newspaper Holders, Raymond Sewing Machines,
And numerous other articles which will take your fancy.
Call and inspect our large stock. Our prices are always right.
JOHNSTONE & CO,
Furniture Dealers.
Main St., Acton

AMATEUR CAMERAS AND SUPPLIES
PREMO,
POCO,
RAY,
MAGAZINE,
CYCLONE.
PRINTING FRAMES.
4 x 5 and Cabinet, 25 cents.
PRINTING PAPERS.
SOLIO,
ARISTO,
VELOX,
PHOTOX.
H. RAMSHAW.
PHOTO ARTIST, ACTON

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $840 per year, payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona-fide, definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expenses money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 334 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO.

Poetry.

OVER AND DONE WITH.

I am so glad that the trouble and care,
The trials that used to vex me sore,
And cut their way through my heart, nor spare
The tenderest part, will return no more.

For the fears and the fears that once oppressed
My anguished soul, with their weight of woe,
The terrible dread and the vague unrest,
Are over and done with—long ago.

Oh, bitter the teardrops once wept shed,
When overwhelmed with a mighty loss,
And face to face with our precious dead,
And white hands folded the longest across.

Never but once can we feel the blow
That shattered our idol from its throne,
Never but once such grief can we know
As we stand by a grave—alone.

All those heartaches that once were ours,
All the terrible grief and pain,
The early blights of our choicest flowers,
Will never hurt us so much again.

For age has brought us a calm content—
A dreadnaught jacket for daily wear—
And up on the heights our lives are spent,
And not in the depths of dark despair.

And though skies in the future be overcast,
And storms prevail, it is bliss to know
That the troubles and trials that vexed our past
Are over and done with—long ago.

—*By Josephine Pollard.*

Select Family Reading.

"Old Rags and Bottles."

BY AMY KINGSLEY.

"TINKLE, tinkle, tinkle!"

It was no sound of sheep-bells on the Apennines, no chiming of the Angelus at twilight across sinpurpled vineyards and Pontine marshes, yet it had a cheery echo under the white-blossomed elderbushes and close to the old farm, even though it was only a string of bells stretched across a wagon and agitated by the jog-jog of an ancient white horse, that was blind as the little god of love, while a shrewd old man trudged beside him, guiding his devious way.

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!"

"Anything in my line to-day, squire?" asked Moses Minton, checking his march as he caught sight of Mr. Ralston gathering the early apricots from the sunny side of the wall.

"Git out!" was the terse reply.

"Rags?" suavely added Moses, stretching his neck to look at the red-checked beauties whose subtle fragrance filled the air. "Bottles? Old iron? Newspapers?"

"Git out, I say!" growled Ralston, never once glancing up from his occupation. "I hain't no time to bother."

"No offense, I hope?" said the indomitably cheerful itinerant. "I seen an old wood-stove in the shed as I came by."

"Well, and if you did, what business was it of yours?" retorted Ralston.

"Wal, none, not if you look at it that air way," said Moses. "But if so be as we could drive a trade—"

"We can't—then, and there's an end on't," answered Ralston.

And after one or two seconds further waiting, Moses Minton chirruped to Old Gray, and once more the bells jangled merrily on the air indicative of a move.

"Strange how persistent them miserable creatures is," thought Farmer Ralston.

"Strange how crabbed Simeon Ralston gets, as he gets older," meditated Moses. "If that air's what money brings with it, I for one, don't want's to be rich! Get up, Old Gray."

Farther down the lane, however, where the ripening blackberries hung their knobs of jet on every bough and spray and the sound of a little brook somewhere in the distance made a dreamy, gurgling, Moses Minton came across Mrs. Ralston, a fat, comfortable old dame, as unlike her husband as the motherly barn-door hen is under the gaunt, high-shouldered, game-cock.

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Ralston, "if I wasn't jest a-thinking about you, Moses Minton!"

"Was you, though," chuckled the old man. "Anything in my line to-day? Woo-os, Gray! I aw'ar to goodness" (as the old horse contentedly buried his nose in a green bank) "that there critter couldn't find out where the clover clumps grow no better, not if he had forty pair of eyes, instead o' being stun-blind!"

"Me and Comfort, we was a-asylu'," contentedly purred on Mrs. Ralston, who was in full pursuit of a flock of lemon-yellow ducklings which were wading her guardianship in every direction, "that you hadn't been along in quite a spell. And the bag of mixed rags is quite full, and there's a lot of old numbers of the *Missionary Review*, and— But don't speak so loud. I kind o' don't want father to hear, he's so mortal set ag'in' parlin' with anything. It's kind o' second nature to him to hoard up things, and as he gets further on in years, he's more set in his ways than ever. Jest come round to the back-door. He's out and Comfort is out, now's a first-rate chance to git rid of the old wood-stove as has been rustin' in the shed for a full year."

"Moses Minton's eyes twinkled. It was not the first time he had become an accessory to just such harmless domestic plots as this.

"I'm at your orders, mum," said he. "And prices war'n't never better for you nor wuss for me. Half a cent a pound is what we're givin' for old iron now."

"T'ain't much," said Mrs. Ralston.

"It's better than nothing," argued Moses. "And really, now, ain't it worth that to get a lot of old truck out of the house?"

"Well, I dunno but what you're right," said Mrs. Ralston.

And while Mr. Ralston was yet culling out the ripest and deepest-colored of the apricots for an especial order for a dinner party at Doctor Jessup's, on the hill, old Moses loaded up his cart, with the rusty wood-stove in the centre of the bags of rags and bundles of old newspapers, and drove away, jingling his bells through the purple twilight, to the infinite disgust of the gray horse who knew an Eden of clover and daisies when he found it and was correspondingly reluctant to leave it.

Presently Comfort Ralston came in; a tall, rosy girl with limpid brown eyes and luxuriant auburn locks pushed off her fair, freckled brow.

"Am I late, mother?" said she. "But they kept me longer than I expected."

"La, child, no," Mrs. Ralston responded. "I hain't got jest hung the kittle over. I'm sort o' lakin dhaud to-night. Old Moses Minton has been here, but don't, for goodness' sake, tell your father! And I've sold the rags and all them old papers and the wood stove out in the shed."

"Mother! The wood-stove?"

"I got forty-five cents for it," said Mrs. Ralston. "And it wasn't no use to us, all rusting away there."

"Has he gone, mother?"

"Your father? Why, no, he's busy with them apricots out by the orchard wall for—"

"No, I don't mean father, I mean Moses Minton! Has he gone?"

"More than half an hour ago," said Mrs. Ralston, scooping the tea out of a little Japanned tea-caddy with leisurely composure.

Comfort turned red, then white. She made a step toward the door, but almost instantly checked the movement.

"It's no use," she said, to herself, "I must wait until to-morrow."

The morrow's sun was well sloping on toward afternoon, when Mr. Ralston, hurried into the kitchen where his wife was pricking plums to preserve, piercing each purple sphere with a relentless fork.

"Mother," said he, "be I gettin' blind as well as deaf, or be I losin' my senses? If I ain't, where's that old sheet-iron stove as used to be in the corner of the wood-house?"

Mrs. Ralston's guilty conscience sent the red in a hot flood to her cheeks.

"That sheet-iron stove, Simeon?" said she. "Why—I sold it!"

"Sold it!" shouted Ralston. "When? Why?"

"Yesterday afternoon," said the old lady. "To Moses Minton, as goes around with the rag-and-bottle wagon. It wasn't no use standin' there—and he gin me forty-five cents for it."

"Forty-five cents!" roared Ralston: "For—ty—five—cents!"

And he rushed frantically out of the house.

"Mercy on me!" said Mrs. Ralston. "Is father crazy?"

About that time, Mrs. Minton, the tall and gaunt helpmeet of the itinerant hero, was down in the cellar of her house, rooting in the ash-drawer of the identical wood-stove which her husband had brought yesterday; while Comfort Ralston, upstairs, awaited the result of her investigations with a palpitating heart.

"Here it is!" said Mrs. Minton. "A flat packet o' paper! And it's a good thing you thought of it afore Mose had carted it off!"

"Quick! Give it to me!" fluttered Comfort, as she caught sight of her father's figure trudging up the lane. "Let me get away before father comes! Mind, Mrs. Minton, not a word of this to him!"

And away she ran, disappearing into the pine woods before Mrs. Minton could realize what it all meant.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Minton. "Then it's true that she and Ben Hillil are engaged ag'in' her father's wishes! And these is love-letters. Well, I do declare! Nobody needn't never tell me that there ain't no romance, even in the rag-and-bottle business!"

Then entered Mr. Ralston, panting and perspiring with the haste he had made.

"Be you Mis' Minton?" was his curt address?"

"Yes, please, sir," said the old woman, smoothing her stiffly starched white apron.

"Your husband bought a sheet-iron stove at our place yesterday—the Ralston farm—didn't he?"

"Yes, sir," a little timidly. "It's in his way of business, you know, sir."

"Yes, I know. But there was a package of papers in the pipe-joint—"

"No, sir, it wa'n't," said Mrs. Minton, temporarily thrown off her guard. "It was in the ash-drawer, for—"

And then, remembering herself, she screwed her lips close together and grew very red.

"Where is the stove?" ejaculated Ralston.

"Down cellar, sir," said Mrs. Minton. "Look for yourself. I'm sure I don't want nothin' to do with none of your papers!"

And down rushed Simeon. In half a minute he returned, evidently much relieved.

"They were in the ash-drawer," said he, "and your husband must ha' changed 'em around! I dec'are, between meddling men and meddling women, I'm 'most rulped!"

"Dear me!" gasped Mrs. Minton, looking feebly after him as he strode away. "There ain't neither beginnin' nor end to all this fuss. What will Moses say when he comes home?"

"Once safe in his own room at home, Mr. Ralston rifled on his spectacles and hurriedly opened the fateful package.

"Laugh!" he cried, dropping it in dismay. "It's a pack'o' love letters! 'My own love!' 'My dearest treasure!' 'Yours until death!' What are these? And where's my five United States bonds for a thousand dollars each?"

He was answered sooner than he had expected, for while the exclamation yet hovered on his lips, Comfort rushed in with clasped hands.

"Father," she cried, "there is something that belongs to you! Some government bonds with your name on them! And, oh, where did you get Ben's letters?"

"Ben's letters, eh?" said the old man, a slow smile breaking over his face. "Well, here they be. A fair exchange ain't no robbery."

"Father,"—the girl's head drooped on his shoulder, the tears sparkled in her eyes—"you know it all now. We love each other. We shall be wretched unless we can be united. Take back what you said, father. Do not forbid us to be happy, dear, dear father!"

"Well, well," said Ralston, ready to concede anything in the immense relief of recovering the treasures that had been well-nigh lost, "have it your own way, if the case is really so bad as that. Folks says Ben's business is lookin' up of late, and p'r'aps he'll make a decent sort o' husband for you yet."

"Oh, father! Oh, father!"

"There, there, Comfort, don't squeeze me so everlastin' close," remonstrated the old farmer. "But it's sort o' queer, now ain't it, that we should both hev' selected the same hidin'-place for our things, eh? Like an old raven and a young un, eh?"

And Comfort Ralston hastened joyfully to her mother to impart the glad tidings!

"It never would have happened, mother, if you hadn't sold the old stove! Oh, you should have seen father's face!"

And ever afterwards the sound of Moses Minton's jangling bells was music in Comfort Ralston's ears.

HOW THE SUGAR-BEET PAYS.

Here around Bay City the land is flat and rich. It is settled largely by Hollanders, with a liberal admixture of Americans of other origin. The farms are small and thoroughly tilled, and when the farmers were first approached by the representatives of the sugar-factories they showed much more than ordinary willingness to take up the experiment of sugar-beet raising. This enterprise on the part of the farmers is the more surprising, because the sugar-beet culture represents an entirely different kind of farming from that usually practised in America; a more careful or intensive farming as distinguished from the extensive farming practiced by the producers of corn, wheat or hay. It more nearly approximates the system in vogue in Europe, bordering, as it does, on gardening. By the old system a farmer planted a field of wheat and paid no more attention to it until it was ready to harvest. But when beets are planted they require constant and costly attention during many months. In the first place, the ground must be much more thoroughly prepared, plowed deeper, and more carefully pulverized than for any other crop; then the seeds must be sown with care in drills, and when they come up, the plants must be thinned out to give room for the beets to grow—work that requires the painful labor of knees and back during the long, hot days of June. Weeds must also be kept down with perseverance, and cultivation must go on steadily until the leaves of the beets are large enough to shade the ground. All this costs immense labor, and care, and expense, especially if the fields are large. The farmer cannot depend on his own family to do all the work, but must hire boys, and women, and sometimes men, to help with the thinning and weeding. In short, it is a much more scientific method of farming than that ordinarily in vogue in this country; it uses the land more thoroughly and profitably, and it requires much more business capacity on the part of the farmer. But if it costs more to raise beets per acre than wheat of corn, the profits are correspondingly much greater, and as soon as the farmer can be made to see this great advantage, he is usually more than anxious to take up the work. The Bay City factory already mentioned, in common with many other factories throughout the country, employs a man whose sole duty it is to go through the country and interest the farmers in beet raising, showing them how the work is done, making contracts with them, and then watching the crop the whole season, giving his advice and assistance wherever possible. At the time of my visit at Bay City the beets were just ready for the harvest, and the great flat fields of them, covered with spreading green leaves, furnished an example of farm wealth to be equalled in few other places in the country. The sizes of the crops of various farmers varied from two to three acres to 150 acres, all planted to beets. Every acre of these splendid farms will yield from 12 to 20 tons of beets, and the value per ton is from $4 upwards, according to the richness of the beets in sugar. Say that the yield is 15 tons to the acre and that the farmer receives, the minimum of price for his product, his income would then be $60 per acre, very much more than any other farm crop would yield.—From "How the Beet-Sugar Industry is Growing," by Ray Stannard Baker, in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for March.

HASTE.

This is the age of hurry. Every interest in the world, commercial, scientific, religious, seems to be in earnest quest of some way by which results may be brought more quickly. Ocean steamers race the seas against time, and railroads compete for the reputation of having the fastest trains. Newspaper correspondents are given every facility that money and influence can command that they may compass the globe in the shortest time ever known. The civilized nations of the world are in eager haste in the accomplishment of great political movements, and even the oriental countries, usually secluded behind the age, have the spirit of the times. As individuals men are in haste to make fortunes and become famous. Enterprise is commendable; energy is essential to success; and the brevity of life demands that what hands find to do shall be done with might.

But there are serious dangers in the headlong rush in which the world is living. Thoroughness may be sacrificed to gratify ambitious haste. The student cuts short his college course that he may hot into active business, and the mastery of self, and influence over others that comes only with a thorough education are lost. Young men, not willing to rise step by step as the result of faithful service where employed, join the host of adventurers, who oftener lose than win. Be quick to see and use every opportunity, but avoid undue haste. Set a high mark; fix the eye upon the summit, but do not permit ambition to persuade you to attempt the attainment of the height by unknown and seemingly shorter ways. A man who carelessly pushes his boat into the stream of reckless haste will soon find himself helpless in the rapids of failure.

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

"Our lives are what we make of them ourselves," writes Edward Bok in the April *Ladies' Home Journal*. "If we are weak and accept the artificial our lives will be so. And just in proportion as we make our lives artificial we make them profitless and unhappy. A happy life cannot be lived in an atmosphere surcharged with artificiality. That is impossible. No hope is defeated unless we defeat that hope ourselves. No life is thwarted unless we thwart its highest fulfilment and development by our own actions. It is with us, and with us only, whether we allow the 'swift currents of prevailing customs' to make our lives complex. They do, unquestionably, and they are dwarfing the inner lives of thousands of women, and killing thousands of others. But it is cowardly and unjust to lay the blame and responsibility upon those 'customs.' It is optional with us to accept or reject them. There are certain social laws which seem to make these 'customs' right, but every phase of a higher law, the Divine law, proves them wrong. There must be certain laws and customs for the protection of the social body. These are likewise for our own individual protection and are right, and ordinary common-sense teaches us what these are."

OUR LEISURE HOURS.

A boy was employed in a lawyer's office, and he had the daily papers with which to amuse himself. He began to study French, and became a fluent reader and writer of the language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper and taking up something not so amusing, but far more profitable.

A coachman was often obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time. He found a small volume containing the writings of Virgil, but could not read it; so he purchased a Latin grammer. Day after day he studied this, and finally mastered its intricacies. His mistress came up behind him one day as he stood by the horses, waiting for her, and asked him what he was so intently reading.

"Only a bit of Virgil, ma'am."

"What! do you read Latin?" she asked in surprise.

She mentioned this to her husband who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a short time David become a learned man, and was for many years a useful and beloved minister in Scotland.

A boy was told to open and shut the gates to let teams out of an iron mine. Sometimes an hour would pass before the teams came, and this he used so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that escaped his attention. He began with a little book on English history, and having learned that thoroughly, he borrowed of a minister Goldsmith's "History of Greece." This good man became greatly interested in him and lent him books, and was often seen sitting beside him on the log conversing with him about the people of ancient times.

Boys it will pay you to use your leisure hours well.—*Young Reaper.*

MEN AS CUSTOMERS.

A saleswoman sees phases of human nature that are seldom revealed under other conditions, and there is enough of truth in this sketch—from the Philadelphia *Times*—to make it interesting to both sexes.

The saleswoman whose duty it is to wait upon men was not thus engaged. She had gone to serve a woman, who proved to be an extremely hard customer to suit, calling for one style after another. The clerk was becoming discouraged, and beginning to feel as if she didn't care whether a sale was made or not.

At this point another saleswoman said to her, "Maud, there's a man," and came to relieve her of the uncomfortable customer.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Maud, as she started toward the counter where men's gloves were sold.

"What would you like to see, sir?" she asked of the man who was waiting.

"I want a medium shade of brown, with wide stitch on the back, and fastened with a button instead of a clasp."

The saleswoman placed a varied assortment before him. Quickly selecting a pair, he exclaimed, "Just what I want!" and had one glove fitted. It suited him exactly, and having paid for his purchase he left the store.

Now what sort of glove does the reader think this man purchased? They were a dark shade of brown, not medium; they had a narrow stitch on the back, not wide; they were fastened with a clasp, not with buttons.

Perhaps some man can answer this question: Why do women like to wait on men better than on their own sex—because men are so easily pleased, or because they do not really know what they want?

THE DEBT OF HONOR.

Every son, when he goes away from home, carries with him the honor of the home to which he belongs, and he may either exchange or dissipate it, says Dr. Stalker in the *Christian World Pulpit*. If he does well, his success is doubled, for it is not only an ornament to himself, but a crown of honor to his parents. There is nothing in the world more touching than the pride of a father over a son's success. Many a student, in the rivalries of academic life, is thinking about this more than anything else, and on the day when he is being applauded by hundreds he is thinking chiefly of hearts far away that are glorifying in his honor. On the field of battle this has often been the inspiration of courage, and in the battles of life in a city like this there are multitudes doing their best, living laborious days, shaking off the temper, and keeping straight in the middle of the narrow way, for the sake of those far off, whose hearts will be cheered by their well-doing and would be broken by their ill-doing. I do not think there is a sight more touching—certainly there is not one that touches me more—than a youth, who has been away in another city, or in a foreign land, and bears in his face and demeanor tokens of his well-doing, comes back some Sabbath to the church in which his boyhood has been spent, and sits again side by side with the proud hearts that love him. Where is there a disappointment so keen, or a disgrace so poignant, as he inflicts who comes not back because he dare not, having in the foreign land or in the distant city soiled his good name, and rolled the honor of his home in the dust?

HUMOROUS.

Sunday School Teacher — "Now, Thomas, who were the wise men of the east?"

Thomas—"Those who left Pekin before the Boxers got there ma'am."—*Judge.*

An old lady, who was very much of a bore, paid a visit to a family of her acquaintance. She prolonged her stay, and finally said to one of the children:

"I am going away directly, Stanley, and I want you to go part of the way with me."

"Can't do it. We are going to have dinner as soon as you leave," replied Stanley.

An Irish lady, in a party which was discussing the virtue and evil of smoking, insisted that the habit shortened life. "I don's agree with you," said a gentleman; "There's my father, who smoked every blessed day of his life and' is now seventy years old." "That proves nothing," cried the lady impulsively, "if he hadn't smoked he would probably be eighty by this time."

It was the first time Dorothy had seen a street sprinkler.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, with with open eyes, "just see what that man's got on his wagon to keep the boys from riding on behind!"

"What did the spider do when he came out of the ark?" "Took a fly and went home of course."

LIVING IN THE SUN.

Don't get mildewed
Living in the shade,
Damp and dreary
By your own tears made;
Borrow is certain
To come to every one,
But sweeten it and shorten it
By living in the sun!

Don't get morbid
Living in the gloom,
When just outside
There's a world in bloom.
Life is a brief thing,
Too soon done;
Oh, lighten it and lengthen it
By living in the sun!

—*Ripley D. Sanders.*

LICK'S FOLLY.

Among the interesting anecdotes told by Mrs. Bolton in "Famous Girls and their Gifts" is that of "Lick's Folly or "The Mahogany Mill." The story has to do with the romance of the life of James Lick, the donor of the Lick Observatory on Hamilton Mountain, California.

In early life young Lick fell in love with the daughter of a well-to-do miller for whom he had worked. When he made known his love, which was reciprocated by the girl, the miller was angry, and is said to have replied:

"Out, you beggar! Dare you think of my daughter, who will inherit my riches? Have you a mill like this? Have you a single penny in your purse?

To this Lick replied "that he had nothing as yet, but one day he would have a mill beside which this one would be a pigsty."

In 1854 the quiet, parsimonious James Lick surprised everybody by building a magnificent flour-mill near San Jose. The mill was finished within in solid mahogany highly polished, and was furnished with the best machinery possible. He made the grounds about the mill very attractive, and began early to set out trees, both for fruit and ornament.

Lick caused his elegant mill to be photographed without and within, and sent the pictures to the miller who had scorned him in his youth.

Nineteen years after Mr Lick built his mill, January 16, 1873, he surprised the people of San Jose again by giving it to the Paine Memorial Society of Boston, half the proceeds of sale to be used for a memorial hall and half to sustain a lecture course.

HE DID IT.

The helpfulness of a good man, when it comes to assistance in domestic affairs, is apt to be very much like that of the Mr. Barker whose exploit is narrated below:

His wife had asked him to hang a picture she had purchased for the parlor, and he had said that he would do it in a jiffy."

"You just get me the cord and a picture-book," he said to his wife, "and tell the servant-girl to run down cellar and bring up the step-ladder and carry it into the parlor; and where's those two little screw thing-ma-jigs that go into the back of the frame at the sides to put the cord through? Look them up for me; and I'll need the gimlet to bore a little hole for the screws.

Somebody get the gimlet, or maybe I can drive them in with a hammer.

"I don't know but what it will be better than the step-ladder for me to stand on. Somebody go out into the kitchen and get me a chair. I don't want to stand on one of the parlor chairs.

"Got that cord? Just measure off about the right length and fasten it in those little things at the side.

"There, now, there's your picture all hung up in good shape, and no fuss about it. The difference between us men and you women is that when we have anything to do we go right ahead and do it, and no talk about it."

CHILDREN IN CHURCH.

Grandma says in her young days children were expected to stay through the sermon. A bag of doughnuts was always taken to church for their support during that trying time. As soon as the minister was fairly in the pulpit she and the other little ones subsided on hassocks and noiselessly munched. Sometimes they were allowed to steal across the aisle to visit their comrades in the rector's pew opposite. The visits had to be of the most silent kind. The children merely nodded at each other and brought their little hassocks in a row facing the pew seat. It was just the right height for a table. They could spread their provisions upon it and consume them in mute companionship. It was part of the church game to make them last to the benediction, and it was a point of honor to be absolutely noiseless during the half-hour when only the minister's voice must be heard. If a shoe creaked or a prayer-book dropped the delinquent was frowned on by public opinion in his small particular circle in a way more different than anything mamma could have said.

"Hump!" said Aunt Lucretia. "Much good that kind of church-going does children!"

"It makes them feel at home in their Father's house," said grandma gently.—Chicago *Post.*

RAISING THE FEE.

In that particular year it happened that the national political convention of which we are speaking was held in some other town than Chicago, and the place was crowded.

This is how it came to pass that Colonel Hankthunder, who went merely as a prominent citizen of the republic and had not taken the precaution to engage a room beforehand, found himself shut out of the hotels and compelled to choose lodgings from a list of eligible private dwellings.

The woman of the house near the corner of Fish Street and Potato Avenue, the first residence at which he called, showed him the only room she had to spare.

"That suits me, ma'am," he said. "How much will it cost me for board and lodging here for the next four days?"

"Well," she answered, "this is not a regular boarding-house, and I am only taking boarders because I want to educate my boy for a lawyer. I shall have to charge you $2 for the four days."

"Madam," loftily rejoined the colonel, taking out his pocket-book, "you will never educate your boy for a lawyer by giving such an example as that. I will pay you $10."

If you are scrofulous, dyspeptic, rheumatic, troubled with kidney complaint, general debility, lacking strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.